Table of Contents

1. The Clans
2. Prologue
3. Chapter 1

The Clans

[image]

After maybe two hours, I've completed this!
The cover photo is my drawing of the clans' territories. The rivers and the thunderpath make up the borders.

ShadeClan - The Sneaky and Powerful

Leader: Briarstar: dark brown tom with dark amber eyes

Deputy: Scarletfur: dark red, broad-shouldered tom with unusual grey eyes

Medicine Cat: Silverflower: silver she cat with light blue eyes

apprentice,

Warriors:

- Cinderspots: white tortoiseshell she cat with ginger spots and amber eyes

- Littledapple: small, dappled gray tom with blue eyes

- Longstripe: dark brown tom with long tabby stripes and amber eyes

- Lionstrike: fluffy, ginger tom with amber eyes
Apprentice, Sparrowpaw

- Sunfern: golden tortoiseshell she cat with green eyes
Apprentice, Heatherpaw

- Pinenettle: golden tabby tom with amber eyes

- Thorndust: grey tom with blue eyes

- Brackentail: brown tabby tom with dark green eyes

- Frostpetal: silver she cat with icy blue eyes

- Fireglow: ginger tom with light amber eyes
Apprentice, Hawkpaw

- Brightdawn: white she cat with light ginger spots and pale blue eyes

- Raincloud: black tuxedo she cat with dark blue eyes

Apprentices:

- Hawkpaw: dark brown tabby amber eyed tom

- Heatherpaw: golden brown tabby she cat with amber eyes

- Sparrowpaw: black tom with dark blue eyes

Queens:

- Frostwing: white she cat with icy, blue eyes. mother of Longstripe's kits (Featherkit- light gray she kit, Mudkit- brown tabby tom)

- Ravenfeather: black she cat with green eyes. mother of Pinenettle's kits (Riverkit- blue-gray she kit, Emberkit- golden tabby she kit, Sootkit- black, sooty colored tom)

Elders:

- Rowanfeet: Dark ginger tom

- Shrewpelt: gray tabby tom with blue eyes

- Spiderfang: brown, broad-shouldered tom

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OakClan - The Loyal and Courageous

Leader: Nightstar: black tom with light amber eyes
Apprentice, Russetpaw

Deputy: Lynxfang: pale brown tabby tom

Medicine Cat: Minnowpelt: pale, gray tabby tom

apprentice, Creekpaw

Warriors:

- Lostthicket: brown tabby tom

- Smallwhisker: White she cat

- Ivythorn: gray she cat with green eyes

- Leaftail: dark gray she cat

- Eagletalon: black tom with white underbelly
Apprentice, Graypaw

- Fallingwave: blue-gray she cat

- Dusttail: brown tabby tom

Apprentices:

- Graypaw: gray tabby tom

- Russetpaw: ginger she cat

- Creekpaw: blue-grey tom

Queens:

- Mistyspots: gray she cat. expecting Eagletalon's kits

Elders:

- Patcheyes: tortoiseshell she cat

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SunClan - The Swift and Intelligent

Leader: Smoothstar: brown tabby she cat

Deputy: Stonesong: pale gray she cat
Apprentice, Squirrelpaw

Medicine Cat: Thrushwatcher: black tom

apprentice,

Warriors:

- Brackenshadow: dark brown tom
Apprentice, Pinepaw

- Clawmoon: ginger tom with white underbelly and paws
Apprentice, Mosspaw

- Brindlesky pretty tabby gray she cat

- Fawnpelt: light brown she cat with small, white spots

- Stripedfur: brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Ripplepaw

- Speckles: dappled gray tom, former loner

Apprenitces:

- Mosspaw: silver she cat

- Squirrelpaw: ginger tom

- Pinepaw: pale ginger tabby tom

- Ripplepaw: gray tabby she cat

Elders:

- Raggedfoot: brown tom, retired early due to broken foot

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DewClan - Excellent Swimmers and Hunters

Leader: Redstar: dark ginger she cat

Deputy: Sootystorm: dark gray tom

Medicine Cat: Sunrays: light ginger she cat

apprentice, Streamheart: silver she cat

Warriors:

- Hollowfrost: white tom

- Tigertalon: brown tabby tom with unusually sharp claws

- Blossomdust: pale ginger
she cat

- Stealthbreeze: black tom

- Hollyshadow: dark brown she cat

- Tinybird: small silver she cat

- Shortpelt: black she cat with unusually short pelt

Queens:

- Aquawhisker: blue-gray she cat. mother of Tigertalon's kits (Leopardkit- spotted ginger she kit, Mistykit- blue-gray she kit, Snakekit- tabby tom)

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DONE

Prologue

The early new leaf sun had just gone down. Silverflower, a young, silver she cat, padded along the trail she walked every half moon. She would meet with the medicine cats of each clan at a shallow stream.

Here in this lush, green forest and on the moorland lie four clans. OakClan chose to live in the dense forest, with many low trees and bramble thickets. SunClan chose the moorland, where they run underneath the sun, chasing rabbits. DewClan chose the edge of the forest, where the trees are sparse and rivers run deep. And finally, ShadeClan. They, as did OakClan, chose the forest. But this part of the forest had redwood trees instead of oaks and little undergrowth. This is where each clan thrives best.

This was Silverflower's home. Although she was half-clan, which means your mother and father are from different clans, she was the medicine cat. Medicine cats play a crucial role, for her job was to heal the clan. Her mother was from her own clan, but her father was from OakClan. Bramblepelt was the name of her father.

Silverflower arrived at the shallow river where Minnowpelt, Creekpaw, and Thrushwatcher were waiting for her. Minnowpelt, a pale blue-gray tabby tom, was mentor to Creekpaw, a blue-gray tom. Next to them, Thrushwatcher, a black tom, was scraping at the ground impatiently.

"Where's Sunrays?"Asked Silverflower.

Minnowpelt flicked his ears. "I'm not sure. Maybe she's helping with kitting. I know there is queen who has been expecting kits in SunClan."

"Shall we move on? We are losing moonlight." Thrushwatcher meowed impatiently.

Silverflower dipped her head and followed in behind Minnowpelt and Creekpaw. They followed the stream through the forest. Silverflower could hear the croak of the frogs and the trickle of the stream, but not much else. The forest was asleep.

They arrived at the end of the stream, where the water flowed off a rock ledge and into a rather large pool of water. The four cats walked on stones leading down the ledge to the pool, which their ancestors walked on in the past.

Minnowpelt flopped down in front of the pool. He flicked his tail for Creekpaw to lie down beside him; it was the blue-grey tom's first time to the crystal pool. Thrushwatcher lied down in the shadows of the willow trees that surround the pool. Silverflower found a spot between Creekpaw and Thrushwatcher to lay down. As she tucked her paws under her, the other cats touched their noses to the water. Silverflower bent her head to lap up the icy water. When it hit her tongue, a chill ran down her spine.

She fell into a deep sleep.

She opened her eyes to a violent clash of teeth and claws. Cats were fighting as far as she could see. Scarlet blood flowed around her paws. She desperately tried to escape, but everywhere she stepped she was cut off by cats flinging themselves at one other and balls of fur rolling around the blood soaked grass in furry. She could see in the distance was a leader, battle hungry and fire in his eyes. She realized this was some cat she knew. But from this distance it was hard to put a name to him.

Suddenly everything around her vanished and was replaced by a starry forest. Everything was peaceful. The only sounds she could hear were the scamper of mice, the soft chirp of nearby birds, and the russell of the leaves as a breeze blew by. Light mist surrounded the trees and her paws. A cat walked out of the mist in front of her. She was strolling toward Silverflower, their gazes locked.
She was a young, dappled gray she cat, about the size of Silverflower.

"Dappletail?" Silverflower couldn't believe her eyes.

"Yes, Silverflower. It's me, your sister."

Dappletail died four moons ago. Silverflower stood motionless, caught in memories.

"I have a message for you, from StarClan." Dappletail continued. "For your own clan's safety, as well as the others. Your blood is dangerous. On the death of night, a force will rise. Only soot can cover the rage of the lynx."

Chapter 1

[image]

Sorry this chapter took so long to get out.. I'm not going to make chapters this long-I just got carried away. Also, this chapter may be a little boring. I'm trying to introduce you to the characters and scenery. Please tell me if you have any suggestions or anything, I'd be glad to hear it!

Cuddled in Ravenfeather's black fur lay three kits. Five moons ago they were born, and they were growing big. The sooty colored tom was especially big.

"He will turn out to be a fine warrior." His mother murmured to a nearby tomcat.

Another voice responded. "Yes, he is the eldest and is the largest of the three. They really are lovely kits. We've raised them well."

The queen spoke again. "I'm both delighted as well as disappointed too know they will be leaving the nursery tonight." She glanced at the three kits, two of which waking up from their afternoon nap. "I've just grown so used to them."

At sunhigh, when the sun is at it's peak, cats of all ages relax in the shade and share tongues--that is, sharing the daily news and grooming one another. This was a tradition of the clans and many more were followed by the cats living in them.

The sooty colored kit, called Sootkit, searched the small, musty den. He raised his nose to the air and took a deep breath, recognizing the familiar, everyday scents. It smelled a little stuffy, and of freshly

groomed fur. He recognized a rather plump, white she cat. Her name was Frostwing. She was going to have kits soon, at least a moon.
He continued around the room. Rays of light glittered through the ferns which were covering the entrance to the little cave.

"You fought well in the recent battle with OakClan, especially since you had a sprained paw." His mother boasted, flicking her ears at a well muscled, golden tabby tom cat.

Sootkit scrambled out of his mother's nest.

"What a strong father I have! Tell me about the battle!" Sootkit pranced around his father, Pinenettle.

Two squirming bodies popped out of Ravenwing's black fur, the smallest was a blue-grey she kit, and the bigger one was a golden tabby she cat - just like her father.

"I want to hear!" The golden tabby kit mewed.
"Come over here then, Emberkit!" Sootkit acted in response.
Emberkit squirmed out of her mother's nest and collapsed beside Sootkit. He could tell she was trying to contain herself. The blue-grey kit padded up more slowly, looking distracted.

"Pinenettle, are you in here?" A dark red, broad-shouldered tom poked his head in the den entrance.

Pinenettle's ears pricked. "Yes."

The red tom squeezed his way in the nursery. His broad shoulders made it quiet a struggle to walk in without scraping the edges of the smooth, rock walls, Sootkit observed.

"You're going on a border patrol with Cinderspots, Thorndust, and Frostpetal. They will be waiting by the camp entrance after the ceremony." Pinenettle nodded his head in response, and with that, the red tom left.

He sat up, stretching. "Sorry, kits, I have to go."

"But we didn't get to hear the story!" Emberkit wailed.

Riverkit sat in the fern covered entrance to the den. She was distracted still. *She's probably watching the medicine cat sort herbs again.* Sootkit guessed. He turned his attention back to Pinenettle and Emberkit. Pinenettle didn't seem to know how to comfort her. He never had been great with kits.

"It's ok, Emberkit, we can play mossball."
Sootkit encouraged, wondering who else would want to join in on this game often played by kits and young apprentices.

Emberkit's ears pricked up at the suggestion. "Yeah!" She bounded out the entrance, almost tripping over their blue-grey sister.

Outside was busy, cats scampering to and fro. This clan which Sootkit belonged to, ShadeClan, thrived in a ravine. It had many ferns and large rocks which make up the dens. ShadeClan was known for it's tall redwood trees and indistinct undergrowth. The redwood trees' branches meet together, making a thick, substantial rooftop. Almost everywhere you went was sheltered from the sun.

"Tonight, two of the apprentices are supposed to become warriors." A white she cat with ginger spots was sharing tongues with Brackentail, a brown tabby tom.

"Yes, I heard." Brackentail looked as excited as if they were his own kits becoming warriors. Brackentail loved kits, and often played "mossball" or "hide the mouse tail" with them. He's very friendly and respected in the clan. "I wonder what their warrior names will be, Brightdawn."

Brightdawn will be the mother of Brackentail's kits in a couple moons or so. She is very protective and determined. She will make a good mother.

Sootkit unfocused his ears from their conversation. Instead he wanted to see the apprentices. Each apprentice had a mentor to teach them the ways of clan life, hunting skills, battle techniques, and the warrior code, a set of laws lain out by their ancestors.

Sootkit realized Emberkit had wondered off while he was listening in on the warriors' gossip. She was always lead astray by her active

mind. The charcoal colored kit observed the camp scenery. The ravine was a cliff face providing the camp with walls. In front of the cliff face was a clearing with a fern opening which lead into the shady forest. Each den was a cave carved into the ravine by ancient streams. On the left side of the clearing was the warriors den. It was made of two boulders used as supports for a large log which lay across them overhead. Ferns provide extra shade and more protection from the rain. Tucked away behind the warriors den was the nursery. A little overhang shelters the den from most damaging weather. Ferns canopy over the top, making a roof.

Next there were two very large stones, the length of a tree. They lean against each other, forming an arch. Sootkit clumsily sprung on the first stone. Up here, in a cleft in the rock face, was the leader's den. No one was aloud to go in there without permission. Down under the rocks was the elders' den. Sootkit had gone down there to listen to the elders' long stories about their lives as warriors.

Sootkit looked straight across the clearing to see the fern tunnel. He had gone outside the camp once before. Out there was a dark forest: a large expanse of trees including tangled branches which merge together, making a thickset roof. He quickly had found himself lost but luckily someone found him and brought him back home. As punishment, he wasn't aloud out of the nursery for two days--That was a miserable time. Never again would he leave the camp without permission, until he is an apprentice that is.

The kit continued his trek around the ravine. Next came an ashy log. When he was only a moon old, this log came crashing down into the ShadeClan camp. Longstripe, a brown tabby tom, noticed the commotion too late and couldn't move in time. The trunk crushed his front right paw. The ShadeClan medicine cat, Silverflower, did her best to heal his paw, but it is going to take some time until it is fully recovered.

Behind the tree trunk was another rather large cleft in the rock. This is the medicine den. Here, Silverflower was laying herbs out in the sun to dry. She did this often, Sootkit observed.

Medicine cats keep the clan in good health with various healing herbs. Some, for example, get rid of stomach aches, stop bleeding,

prevent fevers, or even make you vomit. During the lifetime of a medicine cat, they must mentor some other cat who wishes be the successor. Occasionally, when a kit at the age of six moons becomes an apprentice they will choose to learn the ways of herbal healing instead of training to come to be a warrior

"Hello there, Sootkit." Silverflower mewed. She had a soft, gentle voice, although seemingly disinterested. "Do you have a thorn in your paw again?"

Sootkit shook his head. "Not this time, Silverflower."

"Then run along. I have herbs to sort." Sootkit nodded and padded off. There was something about her that didn't seem right. She sounded weary. Was something troubling her? Sootkit pushed it to the back of his mind. No reason dwelling upon things you can't get an answer for.

Here is where Sootkit would find the apprentices. He could have easily walked across the clearing and made it here much quicker, but sometimes when you are a kit, you do things the long way. Just because you can.

"Sootkit, are you looking for Sparrowpaw?" It was Fireglow, a ginger tom with light Amber eyes. Unlike his brother, Lionstrike, he has a rather small build, but he is fast and clever.

"Yes, do you know where he is?" Sootkit asked pleadingly. He and Sparrowpaw had been friends for moons. Sparrowpaw was only one moon older than he.

"Still at the training hollow, I presume." He nodded at the fern tunnel "Hawkpaw and I came back early because he won the prey catching race." He explained. "It seems there's nothing left to teach that kit." His fiery eyes showed he was proud of his apprentice.

Hawkpaw trotted in the clearing, his head held high and a finch in his jaws. He indeed *was* looking more a warrior. It's easy to see his muscles through his dark brown tabby fur and he was about the size a full grown tom now. As he passed Fireglow and Sootkit, he inclined his head to acknowledge them. Pride shown in his eyes,

but he was clearly containing it. He really was a humble, young tom. Sootkit wouldn't be surprised if he became the next deputy. Of course, not in a long time. The leader and deputy, Briarstar and Scarletfur, still had lots of life ahead of them.

"Oh, here come Sparrowpaw and Heatherpaw." Fireglow observed. A golden-brown tabby she cat and a black tom with dark blue eyes carried prey in their jaws. Their mentors, Lionstrike, Fireglow's brother, and Sunfern, a golden tortoiseshell with beautiful green eyes, followed closely behind. "The warrior ceremony won't be long now." Sorrow seeped into Fireglow's tone. Mentors become very attached to their apprentices, Sootkit guessed. *I can't wait until* I'm *apprenticed.*

Sparrowpaw dropped his catch in a pile of fresh kill in the center of the camp clearing and padded over to Sootkit.

"Wow, that's one big squirrel!" Sootkit meowed, astonished.

"Mine is bigger than Hawkpaw and Heatherpaw's catch!" Sparrowpaw agreed.

A cat yowled, pausing all conversation. "Let all cats brave enough to fight their own battles gather here beneath the High Stones for a clan meeting!" These were the words spoken by clan leaders which marks the start of a clan meeting or ceremony. Today two apprentices would be made warriors, therefor this was a warrior ceremony. It was Briarstar who spoke. This broad shouldered, dark brown tom calls clan meetings and ceremonies on occasion.

Sparrowpaw and Sootkit perked up at the announcement. Sparrowpaw jerked back to Sootkit. "Come on, the ceremony is starting!" He urged. The two cats hurtled into the clearing, anxious to know the news.

Sootkit searched the crowd for his siblings. Heatherpaw and Hawkpaw were beneath the two tree-sized stones on which the leader stands, but not his littermates. Sootkit scanned the crowd. *Littledapple, Longstripe, Brightdawn, Brackentail, Raincloud, Thorndust, Frostpetal, everybody except my sisters..*

Sparrowpaw seemed to read his mind. "Look, there's your sisters." He pointed his nose to the nursery entrance. "Want to call them over?"

Sootkit spotted Riverkit and Emberkit searching for a spot to sit in the clearing. "Yes," he dipped his head in reply. "Riverkit, Emberkit!" He jumped up and waved his tail through the air. "Come sit with us!" They nodded and scrambled over. All four of them used to play together as kits until a moon ago, Sparrowpaw became an apprentice. Now he didn't have much time to play.

Sootkit turned his attention back to the warrior ceremony. ShadeClan was about to obtain two new warriors!